

A
L E T T E R
To the
True Protestant Doctor,
The Reverend
Titus Oates,

Dean of *Salamanca*, and Bishop of *Weavers-Hall*, at
his Apartment in *Southwark*, from *Timothy Trimmer*
his Friend.

I N
L O N D O N.

Doctor,

I Cannot but Compassionate the present Sufferings, under whose weight you are now Prest; and the whole World is not Ignorant how great an Advocate I have been, and still am, in your Behalf; not only in my Daily and publick Controversies with that malicious Discoverer of your Intreagues and Veracities, *old Nobs*, but also in the private Intelligences and Secret Correspondencies, held and managed with the only True and Protestant Preservers of their Country, the Fairly siled *Fanatical* Party.

But alas, my endeavours have been in Vain, I have been towing against Wind and Tide to bring our bottom to its designed Harbour; but the Storm is so great, our Tackle is Broke, we are got a Drift, and our Vessel is now Split. To lay the cause hereof at your Door, would but add Affliction to the Misereble: yet in Truth I must say you have not managed the Tallant your great Master gave you, to that advantage as you might have done: whence in a great measure it is that this Damage is come upon us: for had People really, as in Days of yore, believed your Plot, and every Moment expected the *Spanish Pilgrims* at their Back-sides, the *black Bills* and *Musket-balls* at their Throats and Habitations, they would not have had the leisure to have looked about what was designing by the Faithful and true Lovers of their Country at Home. We might have Effected our Purposes on the two *Brothers* at *White-Hall*, and made the same a further Confirmation of the *Popish Plot*: we might have taken off the *Tory Bishops*, *Tory Guards*, *Tory Mayors* and *Sheriffs*, and all the *Tory* Friends of *Monarchy*, and set up a True Reformed Church and State amongst our selves. But alas these Days are over, the Eyes of People are now Open, and scarce a Boy in the Street, but can give one Instance or another of your Confounded Veracities: insomuch that your old Friends very hardly part with their wonted Contributions; and my Trouble

is five times more at present in Collecting them than ever, and many of them are behind: insomuch that I believe could they be Posselt or secured by the other Party, that you should not Swear them into the *fanatical*, as you Swore them out of the *Popish Plot*: you might e'en turn *Papist* again for them, and Damn your own Soul to get Chops of *Mutton* at *St. Omers*; for between you and I, 'tis Interest binds the Party, and were not there something of this kind in the matter, you might reduce your Family, and live without the use of *Men-Servants*.

Let me therefore advise you to signifie your Will and Pleasure to them forthwith; that unless they pay down their Subscriptions, you will open your Swearing Mouth, take the *Bible* into your Swearing Hand, and let flye such a *So help me God* against them that shall bring the thoughts of *Ketch* and *Devil* into the Soberest Noddle amongst them. This is your only way: for give me leave to whisper in your Ear, there is scarce a considerable Man amongst them, but is afraid every time he sees the Staffe of Authority go by his Door, that some Evidencing Brother hath told Tales of him: and if they fear them, what would they do by you that are so great a Master in the Art, and know so much of their Intreagues, who can raise a *Mountain* from a *Mole-Hill*: and make nothing seem so much in the true methods of Evidence. In short, their Fear preserves them your Subjects; and while you hold their Noses to your Girdle, they may smell a Knave, but know not how to be rid of him. It is an Age of Policy, and since Honesty thrives not, that Conscience is very Barren, that can plant no other Herb of Profit there. Yours and Mine are neither of them such, but thanks to our Stars, if we cannot travel the plain Rode, the Hedges and Ditches in our way shall never retard us. Pray Commend me to your fellow Sufferers, to whom I hear you are made Chaplain in Ordinary. It is a great Blessing you are amongst them, and much for their general Profit, if they know how to improve it. I hope our Brother *B----ll* spends his time there for the advantage of his Country, in proving his great Systeme, that Monarchy is Destructive to Trade: wherein I doubt not but he is seconded by his Ingenious Companions, the rest of the Brethren. In your next, let me have account whether Sir *T. P.* is not pined a way for the want of Mother *Creswells* Provisions for the Carnal part of him. It is very Hot Weather, and the Rebellions of the Flesh are many and often, which tho' such as are at Large have a supply for; yet I know not how it fares with you: as to your self indeed you have a double Advantage over your Neighbours, for Man and Woman both Administer to your Occasions. But of this no more, till I see you, least it should come to a Discovery of the Worlds Eye; and who knows what advantage may be made thereof amongst the Wicked, who consider not the *Spiritual License* which is taken by the Brethren, in relation to these Matters; whilst the same is used for the inward Comfort and Refreshment of the *Righteous*, and in a *True-Protestant* Privacy, which must be always regarded, and wherein I doubt not of your Caution. I Conclude with my Wishes for your Enlargement, in order to the publick Benefit, and the reception of your just *Demerits*, who am

Your constant Abbettor, Friend and Servant
Timothy Trimmer.

From *Whigland*, near our late
great Patrons House, August
the 1st. 1684.

L O N D O N,

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